LETTERS

WROTE BY

JANE COOPER:

TO WHICH IS PREFIXT

Some ACCOUNT of her

LIFE AND DEATH.

THE THIRD EDITION.

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THE

PREFACE.

THE GOOD ARMELLE *has been heard of far and wide. Her Life has been written at large, containing ſeveral hundred pages, tranſlated into various languages, and publiſhed almoſt in all parts of* Europe, *by perſons of various perſuaſions. Her deep, ſolid, unaffected Piety, has recommended her to thoſe of all denominations, who regarded not mere opinions, but the genuine work of God*; Righteouſneſs, Peace, and Joy in the Holy Ghoſt.

2. *But it is impoſſible to give ſo full an account of the good young Woman, whoſe ſtation in life was the ſame for ſome years. She had no ſuch director of her conſcience, who was informed* (*like thoſe in the* Roman *Church*) *of the minuteſt particulars, relating either to her internal or external walking with God. And ſhe wrote no circumſtantial account of herſelf. We have only ſome hints occaſionally written, either for her own private uſe, or the ſatisfaction of her friends. And the greateſt part even of her letters are loſt: particularly of thoſe which ſhe took the moſt pains in writing. So that what follows is little more than fragments.*

" But though they're little, they are golden ſands,"

In ſeveral reſpects not inferior to any thing in the life of Armelle Nicholas: *in others greatly ſuperior thereto. For firſt, all here is* genuine: *which I fear is not the caſe in the account given us of* Armelle. *For words are there put into her mouth, which I think ſhe could not*

poſſibly utter. For inſtance. She is made to ſay, "*I had* always *ſuch a ſenſe of my ſins, that I* never *felt pride in my life.*" *Could any one born of a woman ſay this? Is it not an embelliſhment added by her hiſtorian?*

3. Secondly, *All here is* ſtrong, ſterling ſenſe, *ſtrictly agreeable to ſound reaſon. Here are no extravagant flights, no myſtic reveries, no unſcriptural enthuſiaſm. The ſentiments are all juſt and noble; the reſult of a fine natural underſtanding, cultivated by converſation, thinking, reading, and true chriſtian experience. At the ſame time they ſhew an heart as well improved as the underſtanding; truly devoted to God, and filled in a very uncommon degree, with the entire* fruit *of his Spirit.*

4. Thirdly, *This ſtrong genuine ſenſe is expreſſed in ſuch a* ſtile, *as none would expect from a* young ſervant maid: *a ſtile ſimple and artleſs in the higheſt degree, but likewiſe clear, lively, proper: every phraſe, every word being ſo well choſen, yea and ſo well placed, that it is not eaſy to mend it. And ſuch an inexpreſſible* ſweetneſs *runs through the whole, as Art would in vain ſtrive to imitate.*

So JANE COOPER *wrote, and ſpoke, and lived! Thou that readeſt,* go and do likewiſe!

SOME

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE *LIFE* and *DEATH* OF JANE COOPER.

1. JANE COOPER was born at *Hingham* in the County of *Norfolk*, in the year 1738. Her father died when she was very young, and some time after, her mother married again. She was a daughter of affliction from her childhood; her father-in-law meeting with many misfortunes: but rather than be burdensome to any, when she was about twenty years of age, she chose to go out to service. For this purpose she came to *London*, and undertook to do all work in a small family. What sweetened all her labour was, that she had frequent opportunities of hearing what she believed to be the pure gospel. But after some months, she judged it best to leave this place, tho' much against the desire of her master. She then lived with a gentlewoman in *Pall Mall*, who for a considerable time, used her more like a companion than a servant. Her mistress afterwards removing to *Brentford*, she remained with her till Spring, 1762, though exceedingly to the prejudice of her health,

which continually decayed. When she quitted *Brentford*, finding her strength so entirely lost that she was no longer capable of service, she hired a lodging in *London*, by the advice of her friends, designing to work plain-work: but before she settled, she took a journey into *Norfolk*, to visit her friends and relations. Part of the time she was in the country was spent at *Norwich*, where she indeed "lived as an angel here below," comforting the sick and afflicted, supporting the weak, lifting up the hands that hung down, confirming the wavering, and in every possible way, *ministring to the heirs of salvation*.

2. Of her spiritual experience during this time, we have no account, but in some of her letters, and in her diary: part of which runs thus: (it is dated *Jan.* 16. 1762.)

"I received peace in believing four years ago. For some time after, I felt no sin, and thought I never should any more: how far it was owing to my own unfaithfulness, I cannot tell; but it was not long, before I found my inward parts were very wickedness. I was amazed to feel that notwithstanding this, I loved Him who died for *me*, that I still retained my confidence in God, and had the witness in myself, that I was a child of God. But withal I thought, I should always have a carnal mind, which would sometimes be at *enmity with God*.

"In this belief I continued, till about two years ago, God brought me to hear the *whole* gospel. Not long after, those words were continually on my mind, *Once have I heard, yea twice hath God spoken, that power belongeth unto God*; and I was deeply convinced that I had in effect denied his power. Even after I had tasted his love, I limited the Holy One of *Israel*: And from this time I began to plead the promises of sanctification: but I still set them at a distance, supposing the accomplishment of them to be afar off.

"In *March* following I heard a letter read from one who had entered into the rest of the people of God. It described a happiness in religion, which I was a stranger

ſtranger to: I was much ſtirred up to ſeek after it, and was determined to wreſtle with God till I prevailed. One day in prayer, that promiſe was applied, *The Lord whom you ſeek ſhall ſuddenly come to his temple.* From that time I expected him, in every means I uſed, to come and deſtroy the works of the devil: I was agonizing with God in family prayer, when he gave me power to venture upon Jeſus, as of *God made unto me wiſdom, and righteouſneſs, and ſanctification and redemption.* He ſpoke into my heart, "The Lord, even the king of *Iſrael* is in the midſt of thee; *and the enemies thou haſt ſeen this day, thou ſhalt ſee them no more for ever.*" From this time I have rejoiced indeed, and yet loathed myſelf in my own ſight: I feel no deſire but to pleaſe him, and know of nothing in me that is not ſubjected to Jeſus; I depend upon him every moment, as my advocate with the Father: I daily feel my coming ſhort of what I would be, yet without any condemnation. The blood of ſprinkling ſpeaks me clean. Indeed if I could perform the obedience I deſire, I ſhould ſtill be aſhamed before him."

3. In the midſt of various outward trials, her ſoul was now kept as a watered garden. She was *ſatisfied with the favour, and full of the bleſſing of the Lord:* She enjoyed deep communion with God, and that without any interruption: ſhe ſought for and found direction from him, in every circumſtance of life. She truly proved him to be her counſellor, who inſtructed her by his ſmall ſtill voice. She walked continually in his preſence, and felt her ſoul always approved of him. She uſed to ſay, "Would Jeſus on this or the other occaſion, have acted or ſpoken thus?" And this rule ſhe ſteadily copied after, in all her life and converſation. She knew a little of what our Lord meant when he ſaid, *The Father which dwelleth in me, he doth the works.* To his will ſhe was entirely given up, in ſickneſs and health, eaſe and pain.

4. In the beginning of *November*, ſhe ſeemed to have a foreſight of what was coming upon her, and uſed frequently to ſing theſe words.

"When

" When pain o'er this weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast."

And when she sent to let me know she was ill, she wrote in her note, " I suffer the will of Jesus. All he sends is sweetened by his love. I am as happy, as if I heard a voice say,

For me my elder Brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come."

5. Upon my telling her, " I can't chuse life or death for you," she said, " I asked the Lord, that if it was his will, I might die first; and he told me, you should survive me, and that you should close my eyes." When we perceived it was the Small Pox, I said to her, " My dear, you wont be frighted if we tell you what is your distemper." She said, " I *can't* be frighted at *his* will."

6. The distemper soon was very heavy upon her: But so much the more was her faith strengthened. *Tuesday, Nov.* 16. She said to me, " I have been worshipping with you before the throne in a glorious manner, my soul was so let into God." I said, " Did the Lord give you any particular promise?" " No, replied she, it was all

That sacred awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.

7. Wednesday 17. Mrs. *C.* said to her, " Is there any thing you think me particularly deficient in?" She answered, " No, Love. He will guide you by his eye, and be your only counsellor. All around you is God and heaven. You little know, how dearly Jesus loves you." To Mr. *M.* she said, " I thank God for your preaching. You must still preach simple faith. Man will despise you, but God will love you; and yourself must *believe*." On *Thursday*, upon my asking, " What have you to say to me?" She said, " Nay, nothing but what you know already, God is love." I asked, " Have you any particular promise?" She replied, " I don't seem to want any. I can live without. I shall die a lump of deformity, but

but ſhall meet you all glorious: and mean time, I ſhall ſtill have fellowſhip with your ſpirit."

8. When Mr. *M*——— came again, he aſked, "What ſhe thought the moſt excellent *way* to walk in, and what were it's chief *hindrances?*" She anſwered, "The greateſt *hindrance* is generally from the natural conſtitution. It was mine to be reſerved, to be very quiet, to ſuffer much, and to ſay little. Some may think one *way* more excellent, and ſome another. But the thing is, to live in the will of God. For ſome months paſt, when I have been peculiarly devoted to this, I have felt ſuch a guidance of his ſpirit, and *the unction which I have received from the Holy One, has ſo taught me of all things*, that I *needed not any man ſhould teach me, ſave as this anointing teacheth.*"

"When you ſpeak upon acquaintance with Jeſus, it is food to the ſoul. And when you preach of devotedneſs to God and living to him, it is the joy of one's heart." He aſked, "Have you any conviction you ſhall die?" She anſwered, "No; only from the diſorder. But I feel his will ſo precious to me, that it is impoſſible for me to chuſe." He ſaid, "We leave you in the Lord's hands." She ſaid, "We ſhall meet above. I have no doubt of it."

9. On *Friday* morning, ſhe ſaid, "I believe I ſhall die." She then ſat up in her bed and ſaid, "Lord, I bleſs thee that thou art ever with me, and all thou haſt is mine. Thy love is greater than my weakneſs, greater than my helpleſſneſs, greater than my unworthineſs. Lord, thou *ſayeſt to corruption thou art my ſiſter!* And glory be to thee, O Jeſus, thou art my brother! Let me *comprehend with all ſaints, the length, and breadth, and depth, and height of thy love!* Bleſs theſe: (ſome that were preſent) let them be every moment exerciſed in all things, as thou wouldſt have them to be."

10. Some hours after, it ſeemed as if the agonies of death were juſt coming upon her. But her face was full of ſmiles of triumph, and ſhe clapped her hands for joy. Mrs. *C.* ſaid, "My dear, you are more

more than conqueror, through the blood of the Lamb." She answered, "Yes, O yes, sweet Jesus. O death where is thy sting?" She then lay as in a doze for some time. Afterwards she strove to speak, but could not. However she testified her love, by shaking hands with all in the room. Then she took Miss. *M*—'s hand, with Mrs. *C.* and Mrs. *D*—'s, and put them to her heart.

11. The Apothecary soon came in. She strove to speak to him, but had not utterance. One asked of the Lord, to give her power to speak: and in a few moments she spoke distinctly. Immediately she exhorted him to *believe*. He said, "I hope I do." "Do you then, replied she earnestly, find in Christ all you want? You may. And I want you to be happy *now*. Why won't you believe, when Christ has given all his divinity to save you?" He started, and said, "I hope I shall." "Hope! said she, that is not the thing. *The hope of the hypocrite shall perish.* Indeed you are not an hypocrite. Yet unless you are on the rock, when the winds and floods come, your building will not stand.

12. Mr. *W.* then came. She said, "Sir, I did not know that I should live to see you. But I am glad the Lord has given me this opportunity, and likewise power to speak to you. I love you. You have always preached the *strictest* doctrine. And I loved to follow it. Do so still, whoever is pleased or displeased." He asked, "Do you *now* believe you are saved from sin? She said, "Yes. I have had no doubt of it for many months. That I ever had, was because I did not abide in the faith. I now feel, I have kept the faith: and *perfect love casteth out all fear.*" Mr. *W.* said, "Loving faith is all." She answered, "Ah Sir, I never had a grain of faith but what brought love, and I never had any love but by faith. As to you, the Lord promised me, your latter works should exceed your former, though I do not live to see it." He said, "Perhaps the Lord may restore you." She said, "His will be done. I have been a great *Enthusiast*

(as

(as they term it) theſe ſix months; but never lived ſo near the heart of Chriſt in my life. You, Sir, deſire to comfort the hearts of thouſands. Comfort the hearts of hundreds, by following that ſimplicity your ſoul loves."

13. To one who received the love of God under her prayer, ſhe ſaid, "I feel I have not followed a cunningly deviſed fable; for I am as happy as I can live. Do you preſs on, and ſtop not ſhort of the mark." To Miſs *M*——*s* ſhe ſaid, "Love Chriſt. He loves you. I believe I ſhall ſee you at the right hand of God. But *as one ſtar differs from another ſtar in glory, ſo ſhall it be in the reſurrection.* I charge you, in the preſence of God, meet me at that day all-glorious within. Avoid all conformity to the world. You are robbed of many of your privileges. I know, I ſhall be found blameleſs. Do *you* labour to be found of him in peace, without ſpot."

14. *Saturday* morning, ſhe prayed nearly as follows. "I know, Lord, my life is prolonged, only to do thy will; and tho' I ſhould never eat or drink more, (ſhe had not ſwallowed any thing for near eight and twenty hours) thy will be done. I am willing to be kept ſo a twelvemonth: *man liveth not by bread alone.* I praiſe thee that there is not a ſhadow of *complaining in our ſtreets.* In that ſenſe we know not what ſickneſs means. Indeed, Lord, *neither life, nor death, nor things preſent, nor things to come, no nor any creature ſhall ſeparate us from thy love one moment.* Bleſs theſe, that there may be no lack in their ſouls. I believe there ſhall not. I pray in faith."

On *Sunday* and *Monday* ſhe was light-headed, but ſenſible at times. It then plainly appeared her heart was ſtill in heaven. One ſaid to her, "Jeſus is your mark." She replied, "I have but one mark. I am all ſpiritual." Miſs *M.* ſaid to her, "You dwell in God." She anſwered, "Altogether." A perſon aſked her, "Do you love *me?*" She ſaid, "O, I love Chriſt: I love my Chriſt." To another ſhe ſaid, "I ſhall not long be here. Jeſus is precious, very precious indeed." She ſaid to Miſs *M.*

"The

" The Lord is very good. He keeps my ſoul above all." For fifteen hours before ſhe died, ſhe was in ſtrong convulſions. Her ſufferings were extreme. One ſaid, " You are made perfect thro' ſufferings." She ſaid, " More and more ſo." After lying quiet ſome time, ſhe ſaid, " Lord, thou art ſtrong!" Then pauſing a conſiderable ſpace, ſhe uttered her laſt words, " My Jeſus is all in all to *me:* glory be to him through time and eternity." After this ſhe lay ſtill for about half an hour, and then expired without a ſigh or groan.

LETTERS

WROTE BY

Jane Cooper.

LETTERS to Mrs. M. M.

Auguſt, 29, 1757.

I Sincerely rejoice, to find you are convinced of a moſt important but ſelf-abaſing truth, That you are *yourſelf* utterly unable to work out your own ſalvation, or to form ſo much as one good thought, or one deſire towards it. Reſt not in this conviction, but ſeek, aſk, knock: and you ſhall aſſuredly obtain that faith which is the gift of God. Give me leave to repeat, that religion conſiſts, firſt, in a true knowledge of our want of Chriſt: Secondly, in knowing him to be not only the Saviour of the world, but *our* Saviour in particular; in knowing him to have died for *us*, that we might live through *him*. There is a great difference between this ſcheme of religion, and that we form to ourſelves when we begin to deſire eternal happineſs. I then thought I muſt refrain from evil words, and be conſtant at Church; and I ſhould doubtleſs

doubtleſs go to heaven, though I walked not in a narrow, but much frequented way. I ſaw not that Chriſt alone was the way to heaven; but though I could not but ſee my works were inſufficient, yet I hoped God would accept this patch-work obedience, and ſupply what was wanting. Beware of building *your* hopes on this ſandy foundation. Seek, but ſeek forgiveneſs and acceptance with God, through him who is the rock of ages. Let him not go until he bleſs you. For there is no ſafety, but in his friendſhip, and no peace, but in his favour.

May every bleſſing attend my dear friend. Whereever her abode is, ſhe has a place in my heart.

November 9.

DON'T you think me cruel, that I can rejoice to ſee you under the croſs? I believe both our ſouls would wither, did not the rough wind ariſe to blow away the duſt from our branches. When this is done, how ſalutary is the rain of grace, how refreſhing the beams of love! I am perſuaded there is not one tree of the Lord's planting, but muſt be purged that it may bring forth much fruit. If you have been on the mount with *Peter*, *James*, and *John*, remember that was not the only proof our Lord gave them of his peculiar love; they, and they only were admitted to *Gethſemane*. Think on this, my dear friend, when you are under the croſs, and wonder at the grace that calls, and that enables you to drink of that cup, and to have ſome fellowſhip with Chriſt in his ſufferings. I believe your heart and mine have ſaid,

"No Croſs, no Suffering I decline:
Only let all my heart be thine."

This was recorded in the courts above, and is anſwered as we are able to bear. Look not ſo much at the trial, as at the grace which keeps you from ſinking under it. You may be greatly oppreſſed: but Omnipotence ſhall undertake for you. The enemy may thruſt ſore at you that you may fall: but claim *his* help who can and will

will deliver you. The floods of temptation may ſeem ready to overflow your ſoul. *But the Lord ſitteth above the water-floods, and remaineth a king for ever. He ſhall give ſtrength to his people; the Lord ſhall give his people the bleſſing of peace.* Fear not then, thou worm in thine own eyes. Since thou haſt been precious, being bought with blood, thou art fair in his ſight, who yet is of purer eyes, than to behold iniquity. Therefore he ſits as a refiner's fire, and as fuller's ſoap on the ſouls of his people.

I feel Jeſus near: he is better to me than I could aſk or think. May your ſpirit find him nigh at this hour, and to the end of your warfare!

London.

YOUR Letter came in an acceptable time: I feared you would not write ſo ſoon, and the thought pained me. I found ſuch union of heart with you laſt week, as it is pleaſing pain to experience. I looked upon your's as an anſwer to prayer. The The Lord generally cauſes me to aſk for a letter before it comes: how ſhall I ſpeak his praiſe? He is indeed Immanuel: and what can we aſk more? That we may each moment feel his power on our hearts, and teſtify to all, that God is with us. But what are we, that God ſhould dwell on earth! I am loſt in the enquiry. And will God make a ſinner happy? Or what is the ſame thing, will he make us holy? He will, our hearts cry out, he will! We ſhall be filled with the fullneſs of his love. He knows I pant, I thirſt to prove this, to know more fully the grace of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt: the Lord lets me drink of the brook in the way, before I reach the fountain-head. And I feel love to you, ſuch love as only friendſhip knows, animated by the love of God.

I am better in body, but I believe the days of my appointed time are ſhort. O bleſſed proſpect beyond the grave! There I ſhall ſee him face to face!

Help me by your prayers to keep the bright prize in view, that I may be ever running toward the mark. Jeſus direct us to aim aright, and keep us from ſwerving aſide into crooked paths!

Let me recommend much prayer to you: not only that praying frame of mind, which a chriſtian ſhould continually poſſeſs, but frequent acts of ſecret prayer. And not only pray, but wait and expect the anſwer. I long, I love to hear, that you are ſinking deep in the knowledge of yourſelf, and riſing higher in the love of God.

If I had time I ſhould give you a week's journal. Sunday ſe'nnight I received the ſacrament from Mr. *Madan*. It was indeed the communion of the body and blood of Chriſt. His banner over me was love. I was conſtrained to ſay, How plentiful is thy goodneſs, which thou haſt laid up for the ſons of men!

I hear frequent mention of perſons who have great grace; ſome of whom are called *perfect*. I do not much like the term: but I am perſuaded, the only way to overcome ſin, and to inherit all things, is by enjoying uninterrupted communion with our God. I found ſomething of this on *Monday*, and was much refreſhed with the preſence of the Lord. But on *Tueſday* I found my heart ready to depart from the living God. Yet I had reaſon to wonder and adore the grace that would not let me go. On *Thurſday* I heard Mr. *Whitefield*, and had cauſe to rejoice with reverence. On *Friday* night a watch was kept at the Foundry, and I found the promiſe literally fulfilled, *They that truſt in the Lord ſhall renew their ſtrength*. Indeed his mercies are ſo oft repeated, that if I had not the moſt ungrateful heart, I ſhould be always praiſing him. But I often find ſuch an inward conteſt with pride, ſelf-will, impatience, and all that legion which is contrary to the mind of Chriſt, that I groan being burthened: Yet I am perſuaded he can ſave to the uttermoſt, and believe he will ſave even me. Even now my ſoul rejoices in hope. He will perfect what is lacking in either of our ſpirits. O truſt in him with all your heart! Lean not to your own underſtanding. Believe the Lord; ſo

ſhall

ſhall you proſper. Be vigilant in all things; ſo ſhall you diſappoint our enemy, and bring glory to our everlaſting friend. Unto his protection I commit you, until the day we meet to part no more.

May 6, 1760.

I AM glad you are ſo conſcious of danger. It is neceſſary to be exceedingly afraid of our hearts departing from the living God; this never goes without correction: and although theſe chaſtiſements are proofs of his love, yet beware you do not bring them upon yourſelf.

I look upon your being at that place, as a very particular providence; yet I feel for you. I know many of nature's latent mazes will be diſcovered to you. Perhaps the cauſe and the effects will pain you. And what ſhall I ſay to comfort my friend? I cannot give the waters of conſolation: ſuch power belongeth to God only. O may he undertake for you in every hour of oppreſſion! You may this moment find relief, by looking to an exalted redeemer. I have been aſking that we might drink deep into the ſpirit of a crucified Saviour; indeed I knew not the depth of what I aſked. Lord, make us ſtrong to bear the anſwer of our requeſt! Make us eſteem it our greateſt privilege, to taſte that cup of which thou drankeſt ſo largely! Only ſaying with thee, *If it may not paſs from me, Father, thy will be done.*

It is his abſolute promiſe, *From all your idols will I cleanſe you*; and your heart hath ſaid amen! Do you now retract your petition? Do you not rather ſay ſtill, in ſpite of nature's ſtruggle, "Let all my heart be thine?" Is your *Iſaac* called for? Aſcend the mount, bid all things contrary to reſignation ſtay behind. Have you endeavoured to do this, and are you ſtill interrupted by the birds of prey? Are you ſtill moleſted, when you would offer the ſacrifice which God requires? O watch and keep off theſe enemies to your peace! And he that is your peace ſhall give you power.

Yes, " when your all of ſtrength doth fail,
You ſhall with the God-man prevail."

He loves, he pities you, he requires your heart. And he is worthy to have it. O may he now reign therein, the Lord of every motion there!

Jeſus has not left me comfortleſs. He ſtill ſuſtains me with his Grace. May he bring us through this wilderneſs, to meet and part no more!

December 4.

I Know not whether the providence of God will ever permit me to ſee you again. But I can leave it to him, in ſure hopes that I ſhall meet your happy ſpirit, in the realms of endleſs day. There we ſhall ſurely exult in a Redeemer's preſence. We ſhall ſee him as he is. And indeed when I have a view, tho' a tranſient one, of the glory which ſhall be revealed, I am almoſt impatient of delay: I am ready to cry out, why are thy chariot wheels ſo long in coming? I want leave to go hence and be no more ſeen as an inhabitant of earth. This has been for ſome time paſt my habitual deſire. I cannot help being glad at night that one day more of my allotted portion is paſt, and eternity is nearer to me than when I firſt believed. Yet at the ſame time I have reaſon to be aſhamed before the Lord, that I do not live to his glory. I do not love him with all my heart and ſtrength; ſo far from it, that I ſometimes feel I never did one action with a ſingle eye to his glory. My own will has mixed,

And " Pride, that buſy ſin,
Spoil'd all that I perform'd."

'Till well for *me*, that high-prieſt bears the iniquity of my holy things. Indeed if the altar did not ſanctify the gift, I could not approach with one offering. O may he purify the ſacrifice which I have often made, of all I have, or can, or am!

Watch! Stand ſtedfaſt my dear friend, and be ſtrong in the Lord! Remember, the God of peace ſhall ſhortly bruiſe ſatan under your feet. May he give

give you every thing that will forward your growth in grace!

Norwich, May 11, 1762.

I AM but weak, but my ſoul is kept in peace. Who can expreſs the bleſſing of feeling Chriſt our friend every moment? Indeed I ſee no other way to profit my ſoul, but to come the preſent moment, as I am, to Jeſus: he never ſends me empty away. If I wiſh any thing, it is for more opportunity for private prayer. Between the ſick, the afflicted, and thoſe ſeeking the Lord, I have very little time to myſelf. However I feel no deſire, but to do and ſuffer his will. While I ſpeak to you I taſte his goodneſs, above what words can deſcribe. He knoweth I deſire to glorify him, to be altogether his, and to feel him all my own. I know of nothing in my ſoul, which is not given up to God. Pray him to examine and prove me, and to ſupply what is lacking.

To Mrs. J. C. M.

Nov. 29, 1761.

I KNOW nothing of myſelf. But I know and feel that God is love. I feel, I love him in a meaſure, and long for full conformity to Jeſus. My ſoul is happy in him, and though I have not what I uſed to think was implied, in the bleſſing which has been poured out upon many, yet, I have (what I am not ſufficiently thankful for) a deeper union with the ſource of bleſſedneſs, a conſtant ſenſe of his unmerited love, and a frequent knowledge that I am leſs than the leaſt of all ſaints. I am perſuaded nothing ſhall ſeparate me from the Lord Jeſus. From him is my fruit found. In him are the ſprings of conſolation,

tion, which revive and endue my ſoul with much ſtrength. I truſt in him, and know in whom I truſt: therefore life or death is equal.——

Labour ſtill for all the Spirit's peaceful fruit. Jeſus will bleſs your attempts to glorify him. He will make you unblameable in love before men, and unreproveable before God. Know that the eye of earth and heaven is upon you. Many wait for your halting: more, I truſt, wiſh you ſucceſs in the name of the Lord. I am ſure I do, and therefore write without reſerve. Take heed of your own underſtanding. Do not ſuffer yourſelf to think of it, but with abaſement, that you have made no better uſe of it. Excuſe this freedom: the motive is love unfeigned. I find the fruit of the croſs even while I write. I ſit under the ſhadow of my beloved, and feel him ſuſtaining my ſoul. O Jeſus, great is thy goodneſs! Great is thy mercy! Even toward the meaneſt, me. Bleſs, I pray thee, the ſiſter of my ſpirit. Let her

> "Antedate the joys above:
> Ever feel her Saviour's love."

I feel my inſufficiency to ſpeak of the goodneſs of God. It is more than I can expreſs. He deals tenderly with me, and if I follow the beſt pattern, I ſhall be patient toward all. I have felt much bodily weakneſs, but no power to chuſe its removal or continuance. I ſeem to enjoy all I want, while I purſue what I have not attained. I am daily more ſenſible how little I am. I think never one ſoul ſo utterly wanted a complete Saviour.

I have taken the firſt opportunity to write, in hopes of profiting by your anſwer. I want to know the moſt effectual way to grow in grace; how to improve by all things; how to make a good uſe of the dulneſs which often creeps upon my mind, and makes my ſoul ſtupidly unactive. I want to be all attention to God; to have every faculty of my mind fixedly waiting upon him: but I find myſelf beat off of this by wearineſs or liſtleſſneſs. I often ſeem to ſtand

faſt

faſt in the Lord, and am ſteadily looking unto him; but (I ſuppoſe, through unwatchfulneſs) often loſe the deep conſciouſneſs, that "God is here:" Yet he does not condemn me; but I abhor myſelf, while I ſee the Saviour graciouſly near. My heart crieth without a voice, "Come and mould thy paſſive clay. Keep my attention rightly exerciſed every moment." And while I call, my Jeſus anſwers. O, did I pray without fainting, I ſhould then be what I wiſh.

I praiſe the lover of your ſoul, that he delights to bleſs you. May you ever ſee his full ſufficiency to ſave, and live in the fountain-head of bliſs!

January 26, 1762.

BLESSED be God, I only ſeek his approbation, and am content with that alone. The night you wrote, the Lord ſpake to my heart, "All is yours." I feel it true, for Chriſt is mine. Indeed he is precious to me: my ſoul is ſatisfied with its portion. Yet "eager I aſk and pant for more." But my wants do not diſcourage me. I delight to feel them, for I am perſuaded out of his fulneſs I ſhall receive a ſupply. Even while I am receiving from him, he makes me capable of more. I am amazed at his grace

"I cannot praiſe him as I would,
But he is merciful and good,"

and does not deſpiſe the day of ſmall things.

I know I have been unfaithful to the grace of God; yet he pardons without upbraiding. O that every future moment may prove, I feel the time paſt ſufficeth! When I conſider you as a younger ſcholar, I am aſhamed; yet I rejoice the Maſter loveth us both. And though he may juſtly ſay to me, "O, ſlow of heart to underſtand," yet he teaches me, as I am able to receive, the leſſon of his love. I often meet your ſpirit, when I go in ſecret before our Lord. He only knows how much I deſire you may increaſe, with all the increaſe of God. May you follow the Lamb in all things! I praiſe him that he unites me

to

to himſelf, and to all whoſe fellowſhip is with him: I thank him who gives us to drink into one ſpirit. My heart feels God continually nigh. My only wiſh is his will: my only deſire his glory.

Good Friday.

IT *is given* to you to ſuffer: and happy are you, if our Lord counts you meet to be his companion in the garden. I love his tempted followers above all: and his peculiar care is toward ſuch as drink of his cup. I am thankful to him on behalf of your ſoul. Faithful is he that hath called you. He will eſtabliſh your heart, and keep you from all evil, unto his heavenly kingdom.

I always find a fight before a conqueſt. I am generally warned of approaching trials, and when I am moſt filled with the conſolations of God, I ſee how amiable it is to follow my Captain, who was made perfect through ſufferings. He is daily teaching me the leſſon of his croſs. When it ceaſes to be neceſſary, I ſhall ſuffer no more. I am often ſenſible my own folly obliges him to put me to pain. I know he never willingly afflicts, but chaſtens in order to make us partakers of his holineſs.

O praiſe our everlaſting friend, who never ſhews us a defect, but in order to amend it: my ſoul longeth to live to him. I feel his mercies new every morning. My ſpirit is ſo united to the Lord Jeſus, that I am perſuaded nothing ſhall ſeparate me from his love. But I have no fruit of the Spirit, in the fulneſs I deſire or expect. I am ſenſible my privileges are far higher than my attainments: and I want to be ſtirred up daily, to take the kingdom which is before me by violence.

Of late I have found private prayer the means which brought me neareſt to God: but this he often varies, as his wiſdom ſees beſt. My ſoul is more ſimple than it was: I am learning to leave others to the care of our ſhepherd, and deſire only to hear and follow him.

Let

Let your ſoul delight itſelf in him: learn to know how he hath loved you. Be very active in his cauſe, and paſſive to his will. My ſpirit is all peace. May yours be preſerved in Chriſt Jeſus, who hath called you to glory and immortality.

April 21.

PEACE be with your ſpirit! The Lord ſhall guide thee continually, and ſatisfy thy ſoul in drought: Thou ſhalt be like a watered garden; for the Lord Jeſus is your well of ſalvation. With joy may you draw from his fulneſs, grace for every moment's want. His deſign is ſtill to do us good; his delight is with the ſons of men.

I find my fellowſhip with heaven is increaſed ſince I wrote laſt: the King of eternity makes me capable of communing with him, and tho' I tread but the outward borders of his ſanctuary, he cauſes me to hear his voice, inviting me to come forward. He aſſures me, he will help me to overcome, and gives me to inherit all things. But at the ſame time, he ſhews me my works are not perfect; and that I muſt watch and ſtrengthen the things that remain. I find my ſafety and happineſs depend, upon my dependence on Jeſus. I want every moment to begin afreſh the life of faith; to forget all things elſe, and be (as you ſaid) "a perſon of one buſineſs," I have been much temptedlately, but I count it all joy, for it profiteth my ſoul. I have gained more ſelf-contempt, and I love an empty ſpirit, becauſe then there is room for Jeſus.

"O what are all our ſorrows here,
If, Lord, thou count us meet
With that inraptur'd hoſt to appear
And worſhip at thy feet?"

It will ſoon be our employ. O let us now live in eternity! Antedate the joys above, by bringing all you have and are, to his feet. Caſt all you have before him, and aſcribe ſalvation to him, who of a ſtone hath made a daughter of *Abraham*.

I think

I think the grace you want moſt is thankfulneſs. Stir me up to patience. Pray that I may be nothing.

" Mean and vile in my own eyes,
Only in his wiſdom wiſe."

Norwich, May 6.

THE Lord hath of late kept me much from reaſoning myſelf into perplexity. When any thing occurs which I cannot underſtand, I carry it to him, who is a *wonderful counſellor:* and he wipes away the tears from my eyes, by aſſuring me he is all my own. I feel a conſtant neceſſity of walking with the Lord, as I firſt received him: and I retain peace, as it was imparted, by ſingle faith. Who knows the value of faith? None but they who conſtantly exerciſe it, to their own profit, and the Redeemer's glory.

I think your fears of deceiving the people, are only the reſult of ſtrong temptations. We cannot ſee clearly in the time of a ſtorm. This is not a ſeaſon to examine whether we be in the faith: neither is reaſon alone ſufficient to determine in ſpiritual matters. One thing is needful in your preſent ſituation, even to caſt yourſelf upon the Lord, juſt as you are. *Now* come to him who waiteth to be gracious; who ſaith concerning ſin or infirmity, "I will cleanſe the blood which I have not cleanſed." I fear, you have reaſoned with the enemy, while you ſhould have been looking unto Jeſus; and by living a little beneath your privileges, have been ready to give up your claim to them. But Jeſus was preſent, though your eyes were holden: And

" Round you and beneath are ſpread
The everlaſting arms."

Sunday Night.

THE Lord who inclined your heart to write, will reward your labour of love. I find him faithful who hath promiſed, *My grace is ſufficient for thee.* I feel

feel a meaſure of that love, which ſhall overcome by enduring: all I have and am is but a ſmall offering; but this I can give up to Jeſus. Ever ſince I taſted his love, I have been led in the way of the croſs. It is a royal way: the king of kings walked in it: and while I tread in his ſteps, I experience the rugged way is pleaſantneſs, and the thorny path is peace. Since I have more than ever gone through *evil report*, I have found more increaſe of faith and love. I cannot ſufficiently praiſe the *friend who ſticketh cloſer than a brother*. His banner over me is love, and my ſoul confeſſes he doth all things well.

I praiſe him on your behalf alſo. He rejoices over you to do you good. O lean on your beloved with all your weight; ſo ſhall you find a ſure ſupport. If ſtorms riſe and winds blow, they will only ſettle you on the rock which cannot be moved. Believe ſimply; believe conſtantly; ſo ſhall you love ſteadily and entirely. I know no other way for the juſt to live, but by faith; and as we exerciſe faith it grows, 'till we can ſay in all circumſtances, *This is the victory*.

I bleſs my God, I feel no deſire to vindicate my conduct. I know the light of heaven ſhone on my path, and I am content to be approved of God alone. I feel my heart is given up without reſerve, and ſee freſh cauſe to be daily more devoted to him Bleſſed be God for Jeſus Chriſt! In him I enjoy all I want. Bear me on your heart before him, and aſk him to lead me to the thing and place he chuſeth.

July 22.

YOUR's came in a ſeaſonable time, as the return of prayer. I felt ſome pain becauſe I did not hear from you ſooner. But our God doth all things well; he ſhall ſupply all your wants, and make all grace to abound towards you. He delights to complete the work he begins, and happy is the ſoul that does not reſiſt his will. He will call for the corn and will increaſe it, and will lay no famine

upon you. Great is his faithfulneſs! Hearken diligently to the ſhepherd's voice. He will teach us to profit by the preſent croſs, and keep us in the ſpirit of ſacrifice.

I feel my need of patience. I am cloſely and conſtantly exerciſed, but his grace is ſufficient even for me. He generally teaches me by applying his word to my heart, ſo that I have cauſe to eſteem it more than fine gold. I was greatly oppreſſed ſome nights ago, and found immediate deliverance from theſe words, *As birds flying, ſo will the Lord of Hoſts defend* Jeruſalem. *Defending alſo he will deliver, and paſſing over he will preſerve it.* I find much union with you, and believe you bear my burdens, and abide in prayer for me. I cannot forget you, and our friend in heaven remembers you for good.

I can no longer refrain from ſaying, Be ſtrong in the grace that is in Chriſt Jeſus. Let none beguile you of your ſimplicity, or the reward that attends. I believe your light is ſhining out of obſcurity, and will ſhine unto the perfect day. You are coming unto the light that your deeds may be made manifeſt, that they are wrought in God. In his light you behold yourſelf of *the circumciſion, who worſhip God in the ſpirit, rejoice in Chriſt Jeſus, and have no confidence in the fleſh.*

They have great peace who love his law, and nothing ſhall offend them; he *keeps us night and day.* I pleaded this promiſe laſt night, and made it my own by believing. He did keep my imagination while I ſlept, ſubject to himſelf. Since I returned into the country, I have been bleſt with peace, which temptation of various kinds did not ruffle. My determination to know nothing but Jeſus crucified, is much ſtrengthened. This moment I can give up all for him, and do all things through him ſtrengthening me. I have a teſtimony that I pleaſe him, and count his dear reproach greater treaſure than the wealth or praiſe of men.

Be faithful in all things; this is your privilege: live up to it this moment. You know the way, walk therein, and pray alway for

Your affectionate ſiſter

and obliged friend.

REJOICE in the Lord always; again I ſay rejoice. For he is become your everlaſting light and the days of your mourning are ended. I believe your ſun ſhall no more go down, but you ſhall dwell on high. Your place of defence is the munition of rocks; bread of life is given you; your waters ſhall not fail. Your eyes ſee the king in his beauty, and he will cauſe you to know him who was from the beginning. I drink with you into one ſpirit. Help me to bleſs God for the conſolation; it increaſes by being mutual. My ſoul ſeems loſt in wonder, love, and praiſe, and is melted into thankful tears. Every ſenſation of gratitude in earth or heaven is bought with thy blood, O precious Jeſus! The power to feel my obligations to him, proceedeth from above, and when we reach the top-ſtone, we ſhall ſtill ſhout, "Grace, grace unto it."

I have all this day been in a diſpoſition to caſt my crown at his feet. I cannot expreſs, how much I chuſe to give all the glory to Chriſt my Lord. All within me acknowledges he is worthy to receive all glory. My love to Mrs. ——— Tell her, not one tittle ſhall fail of all the good things God hath ſpoken to her of. Only let her be ſtrong, and not ſtagger at any of the promiſes.

I believe, I need not ſay, pray always for

Your moſt affectionate ſiſter in Jeſus.

To Mrs. *E. D.*

My dear Friend,

I Know you will rejoice to hear, God has gotten himſelf the victory, in the moſt ſtubborn heart, that ever ſubmitted to Jeſus.

He is my king, and makes me ſit,
In willing bonds beneath his feet.

Praiſe him, O my ſoul, praiſe him, O my Siſter, for ſtill he is bringing loſt ſinners to God. Yea, he has brought *me* to God. I feel myſelf weak as helpleſs infancy; but Chriſt my ſtrength is with me: at laſt I am a fool for his ſake.

When I left you on *Friday*, and had finiſhed my buſineſs, I ſat down alone and in miſery. The Lord directed me to thoſe words: *Be not affrighted, I know whom ye ſeek; Jeſus of Nazareth: He is not here, he is riſen, and lo he goeth before you into Galilee; there ſhall you ſee him.* I believed I ſhould, and came home in peaceful expectation. One who had ſeen his great ſalvation prayed that he would bleſs me alſo: but my own wiſdom oppoſed his coming, and the conflict was great. At length my vehement ſoul ſtood ſtill, and the mountains flowed down at his preſence. My heart was filled with holy ſhame and humble joy: I was a little child. I entered the kingdom; we praiſed our king till morning, and his praiſe is ever new and ſweet. The Lord cauſes us to ceaſe from our own works, and he is glorified. O pray for us! Pray for *me*, who every moment need the merit of his death. I can ſay no more, but I do love Chriſt, and I love *you* better than ever.

My dear Friend,

TRULY God is loving unto *Iſrael*, even unto me: nevertheleſs my feet had well nigh ſlipt, for

I was

I was grieved at the wicked, and pained by the good. I have been more exerciſed in mind than ever I was before, and the laſt conflict always felt ſevereſt: but I begin to ſee that all theſe things work together for my good. I never was ſo much ſaved from truſting in any creature; Jeſus was never more lovely in my eyes; I feel him only deſirable; I cannot repeat his compaſſions, for they are endleſs. I proved them to be ſufficient for me, when all beſides failed me. I doubt not but I made my croſs heavier than Love intended, by my own folly: but the Teacher of *Iſrael* rectifies miſtakes with tenderneſs known only to himſelf. At preſent my deſire is, to overcome by enduring. I want to think and act under the eye of him who loves me, and every moment to feel it upon me. My ſoul longs for nearer acquaintance with God. I know neither man nor devils need hinder my intercourſe with Jeſus. O that I were wiſe to improve what I receive, and faithful to retain what his mercy gives!

Uſe your intereſt for me at the throne of grace: and go on through your cloud of difficulties, aiming at Jeſus. He alone is worthy your purſuit!

We are forced to *feel* as well as *ſee*: God alone is our ſupport. I have had much of his peaceful preſence. He is indeed greater than our fears, and better than our hopes. I was much tried on *Friday*; but ſince that I have had no painful emotion. I feel for *you* in the tendereſt manner my heart is capable. I ſee Jeſus will vindicate his own, and claim all your heart for himſelf. He ſees what wounds it, and will give medicine to heal all its ſickneſs. I believe "all you feel is mercy." But are you ſtrong enough to ſupport the weight? Why ſhould his bleſſings be inſupportable, through our ſoftneſs of ſpirit? O that my friend were leſs ſuſceptible of thoſe impreſſions! O that a dull diſciple might teach you to be in ſome matters more ſlow of underſtanding, of a more inſenſible ſpirit!

I ſee the commandment is exceeding broad, and this makes Chriſt exceeding precious. How valuable the Advocate with the Father! My ſoul deſires to know nothing but him crucified. May you feel life, abundant life in that knowledge! O how much my Saviour loves you! I feel a little of the ſounding of his bowels toward you, and my heart cleaves to him, for his goodneſs to you. He counts you worthy to ſuffer. O be thankful for this ſpecial mark of his love!

ALL this week I have been tried, but with intervals of reſt. God is a jealous God, and will be loved alone: Jeſus will convince us in time, that he alone is worthy of every power of the ſoul. I ſee a field of religion before me, which I want to walk in. I know I am called to make a perpetual offering of myſelf, and every enjoyment, to the will of God. I do long to be a chriſtian. My heart goeth out after this; when will it once be? That promiſe is now brought to my mind, *They ſhall grow as willows by the water-courſes.* 'Tis a mournful tree: I think we ſhall be weeping lillies till we are taken into the paradiſe of God. The peculiar privilege *there* is, all tears ſhall be wiped away from our eyes.

O how little do I know the meaning of JESUS? Surely tis mercy all. Even the minuteſt circumſtance is by his order, and under his inſpection. And he will ſuffer nothing to hurt the apple of his eye.

I am to day very weak in body. I feel the power of ſympathizing with all in the houſe. All are tried. O Adam, what haſt thou done? O Jeſus, what haſt thou ſuffered? How thou canſt recover! Lord, let us know thy utmoſt power to ſave!

MY heart feels pure union with yours. I love you as diſintereſtedly as I think I can. Sure the Lord is pouring upon you the ſpirit of ſacrificing all to him. I wiſh you good luck in his name! Go on, my dear friend. Life is a noble thing, while

our

our employment is doing the will of God from the heart. May you clearly ſee what it is concerning you. I have at preſent, peace inward and outward. Pray, pray that I may

"Be thankful and humble,
But never ſtand ſtill."

I WANT your prayers and advice. I feel myſelf daily weaker, and more fooliſh than ever. I am as a little child learning to walk, and cannot go alone. At preſent I am guided by Jeſus, and feel his grace ſufficient for me: but there are depths of the Deity I want to fathom. I long to be loſt in the immenſity of his love!

My ſoul enjoys peace, ſolid peace at bottom; but it's ſurface is filled with fights and fears. I am afraid of being too *outward*; I want grace to *deepen* in my ſoul. Bleſſed be God, my every want ſhall be ſupplied, from his fulneſs who filleth all.

MY dear friend gave me another proof of her tenderneſs, by not upbraiding me with neglect. I think you ought to go to the meetings [on *Fridays*] by all means: pray for thoſe who ſpeak not according to the law and the teſtimony. You will feel more deeply the help that is done upon earth, the Lord doth it himſelf. What is man, that he is mindful of him! What is God, that he can be gracious to us! O may our ſouls every moment know, by a nearer acquaintance with him, that he is love!

You are laid upon my heart to pray for: ſure God is faithful to his word, he *will* hear and anſwer, and endue your ſoul with much ſtrength.

"Suffering faith ſhall brighter grow,
As gold when in the furnace tried."

I am perſuaded your Lord will be with you, and make your weakneſs more than conquer. He is wonderful in counſel: he has a way in the whirlwind: he cannot mean any thing but mercy to your ſoul; for he has given himſelf and all that he counted dear to you!

What

What then would you with-hold from him? Methinks I hear you ſay, "Nothing. I would offer all I have or am to his will, when I know it is *his*." And can you doubt this? *Is there an evil in the city, and the Lord hath not done it?* Can a ſparrow fall, or *Shimei* curſe *David* without permiſſion? Nay, Satan himſelf can do nothing without leave. O my God, ſhine on thy ſervant's heart, that ſhe may ſee, thy hand of love holds the cup. And if ſhe is called

"To bear the full anguiſh,
The uttermoſt load,
Yet give her to languiſh
And ſuffer like God!"

My dear friend, what ſhall I ſay, to diſſuade you from overmuch ſorrow? I can only love you, and ſpeak to Jeſus, that he may order your conduct to his glory.

Norwich, May, 1762.

JOIN to praiſe the Lord, who ſtill ſupports my feebleneſs of mind, carries all my burdens, and ſuffers me to deſire nothing but his righteous, glorious will. I ſee infinite wiſdom and unfathomable love, in all his diſpenſations towards me: I can now believe that all things ſhall work together for good: I want words to tell you the ſenſe I have of the goodneſs of God, far better felt than deſcribed: I find his conſolations ſufficient to ſupport me under preſent difficulties, and am perſuaded his grace will be equal to every future trial. I like your propoſal, but dare ſcarce form one plan. May the Lord do with me as is good in his ſight.

To the Reverend Mr. ———

Feb. 21, 1761.

YOUR obliging requeſt lays me under a happy neceſſity, of calling to mind the paſt mercies of God

God. May every review of them bring truſt for future bleſſings, and thankfulneſs for the preſent!

Ever ſince I can remember, I was deſirous of happineſs; but I did not ſeek it in God. I thought if I was religious, I ſhould go to heaven; but I knew not the nature of true religion, and I was unwilling to be under the reſtraint of that I did know: Yet ſo great a ſtranger was I to myſelf, that I often thought, if I knew what God required I would perform it. At ſixteen I was confirmed, and made many reſolutions; but they ſoon wore off. I had a ſtrong impreſſion on my mind, that I ſhould die when I was four-and-twenty. I reflected on thoſe who were put apprentice ſeven years to learn a trade, and thought I ought to uſe like application, to learn the buſineſs of eternity.

I went to the ſacrament the day I was eighteen, and found uncommon ſatisfaction: I exhorted others to do the ſame, thinking I had now done all that was commanded me, and that if I continued in the ſame way, I ſhould be a very profitable ſervant.

Soon after this I went to *London* for eight weeks, where I heard Mr. *Jones* (of *Southwark*) preach, and was affected at hearing of the ſufferings of Chriſt, much as I uſed to be at ſeeing or reading of a tragedy. I was afterwards aſked to hear Mr. *Romaine*. I did ſo, but I could not underſtand him. The night I left *London*, ſome perſons were debating about the Milennium. One of them repeated part of the 20th chapter of the Revelation. I was ſtruck at the awful words, and thought if Chriſt was then to come, I was not prepared to meet him. I went home very ſerious, and began to ſearch the ſcriptures, and to be more ſtrict than ever. I was often troubled, but knew not the cauſe, and was aſhamed to confeſs my fears. My friends thought I had a fever on my ſpirits, and I thought ſo too; but as I read much, I began to fear, that with all my religion I was not converted. I wanted to go to *London*, that I might hear Mr. *Romaine*. A year after I went to *London* with my father-in-law. At the inn where we lay, I ſaw Mr. *Whitfield's* ſermons. I read what I could, and determined

determined to hear him. He was not in town; but I was much affected with Mr. *Dyer's* preaching. Afterwards I not only went to St. *Dunſtan's*, but to all the methodiſt places of worſhip I knew, and one evening heard Mr. *Walſh*, at *Weſt-ſtreet*. He preached the Neceſſity of that *Holineſs without which none can ſee the Lord*. His words were as arrows in my heart: I found all my former righteouſneſs deficient: I knew this could not obtain mercy; but I did not feel I deſerved hell. I wrote to Mr. *Romaine* to know, what I ſhould do to be ſaved? He deſired to ſee me, and told me, two things were neceſſary, to know my want of Chriſt, and my intereſt in him. I went home with the greateſt reluctance; for I knew no chriſtian in the town where I lived. My former acquaintance thought me mad: my mother was greatly alarmed. Not long after I went to *Norwich* for a few days, and found out Mr. *Mitchell*. He ſpoke to me of the peace which faith brings to the conſcience. I knew myſelf a ſtranger to this; but would willingly have ſuffered the rack, ſo I might attain it. I went home, and was, for five or ſix weeks, in a moſt unhappy ſituation. Before, I was not bad enough to come to Chriſt; now, I was too bad for him to receive: yet the Lord dealt tenderly with me, and at different times brought many encouraging ſcriptures to my mind. But ſtill the ſtupidity and unbelief I felt, cauſed me to mourn in ſecret. Still I was conſtrained to ſay,

" Scarce I begin my ſad complaint,
When all my warmeſt wiſhes faint:
Hardly I lift my weeping eye,
When all my kindling ardors die:
Nor hopes nor fears my boſom move,
For ſtill I cannot, cannot love!"

I could not reſt thus, though I concluded it would always be the caſe: I expected to be miſerable all my life, and to periſh at the laſt: I found it as eaſy to reach heaven with my hand, as to believe Jeſus died for *me*. I felt, *no one can come to Chriſt, except the Father draw him*. Now I knew, it was the work of God

God, to believe on him whom he hath ſent. I prayed, he would work faith in *me*, but ſeemed as diſtant from God as hell from heaven: I was cut off from all ſelf-dependence: I was a ſinner ſtript of all.

I was on my knees ſtriving to pray, when I heard inwardly a voice ſay, "Thy ſins are forgiven thee." I felt the truth of it in my heart, and in a moment prayer was loſt in praiſe. I called upon the angels to join with me, in bleſſing him who died for *me!* He cauſed his goodneſs to paſs before me, and I rejoiced with joy unſpeakable.

Yet in a few hours after I began to fear I had deceived myſelf, and all was deluſion. I was much diſtreſſed, and had recourſe to prayer, and the Lord repeated his mercies, and impreſſed the ſame words on my mind, more ſtrongly than before. I was more aſſured of his forgiving love, and enjoyed much peace in believing. I now thought I could never ſin more. My wind was taken up with God, and I converſed with him as a man would with his friend. My confidence in him was unſhaken, and my hope full of immortality.

I wanted others to rejoice with me; but they were *ſtrangers* to Jeſus, and *intermeddled not with* my *Joy*. I lamented being alone: my neareſt friends thought I carried things too far. My mother was more alarmed; for I could not ſpeak but on religious ſubjects. A neighbouring clergyman adviſed her to confine me, if I offered to hear the methodiſts. This I did at all opportunities, though none was nearer than four miles off. Her tenderneſs gave me much pain. I was ſorry to grieve her in any thing; and yet I did not dare to oblige her, by acting contrary to my conſcience. I could not play at cards, nor join in trifling diſcourſe, though my refuſal was deemed preciſeneſs.

I was near two years at home after this. Then the Lord fulfilled his promiſe: he *gave* me the *bread of adverſity and the water of affliction*; but my *eyes* did *ſee my teachers*. I was now more deſirous than ever, to be made conformable to the will of God: but I thought,

thought, to believe the doctrine of perfection, was derogating from the prieſtly office of Chriſt.

When I firſt ſaw you, Sir, at *Norwich*, notwithſtanding my prejudice to your opinions, I found that reverence and eſteem for you which have increaſed ever ſince. My underſtanding was then better informed, and my deſires more fervent for all the grace God had in ſtore for me. I truſt my ſoul is ſtill alive to God, and athirſt for righteouſneſs. He hath borne my manners in the wilderneſs, and ſuſtains me in my utter helpleſſneſs. He continues to multiply his pardons, and heap his benefits upon me. Every trial is ſent in mercy; every temptation is permitted for my good; every croſs has proved a bleſſing in diſguiſe. In *his* light I ſee this: I believe he is able to keep me from falling, and to make me perfect and entire, lacking nothing. My preſent ſituation requires more of every grace, than any I have been in before: but I truſt, he in whom all fullneſs dwells, will ſupply my every want.

I would not have troubled you with ſo long a letter, but indeed "I had not time to make it ſhorter." And I am deſirous to prove by every means, that I regard your advice, and on all occaſions ſpeak with freedom. I am, Dear Sir,

Your obliged ſervant,

J. C.

April 14, 1761.

Reverend and dear Sir,

GOD has been more gracious to my ſoul than I could aſk or think. I find him as a place of broad waters, deep and large, and I feel my inability to fathom that depth of love. In Jeſus are all the treaſures of wiſdom and knowledge hid: and he has begun to reveal them to the moſt ignorant ſoul. But it is impoſſible to deſcribe the goodneſs of God, the great God, to ſo unworthy an object!

From the laſt morning you preached, I was ſtirred up to ſeek him more diligently than ever. You then diſcovered

discovered my heart to me, and what was wanting there. I was kept in prayer, and would have parted with all things, so I might win Christ. I wanted to love him with all my heart; but my own wisdom was his rival. Nothing less than Omnipotence could destroy this: and his own right hand got the victory. I was made sensible how compleatly foolish, and entirely helpless I was. My vehement soul stood still; and I saw Jesus was all my salvation. He was all my desire, and I knew he was made unto me sanctification and redemption. He appears as a priest, upon the throne, who shall bear the glory for ever. I feel my continual need of him, in all his offices. He is truly precious to my soul; but I want to know him more, and the power of his resurrection. I am happy in his love: but I want a more intimate acquaintance and a deeper union with him. I see the just shall live by faith: and unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given. If I were an archangel, I should veil my face before him, and let silence speak his praise!

May 2.

I BELIEVE while memory remains in me, gratitude will continue. I know many are the troubles of the righteous; but out of them all doth the Lord deliver. I have never desired to hide any distress or difficulty from you at any time. Is this any reason, why you should tell me, what those are which now surround you? If I could remove the least of them by knowing it, I should be importunate.

From the time you preached on *Galatians* v. 5. I saw clearly the true state of my soul. That sermon described my heart, and what it wanted to be truly happy. You read Mr. *M*'s letter, and it described the religion which I desired. From that time the prize appeared in view, and I was enabled to follow hard after it, I was kept watching unto prayer, sometimes in much distress, at others in patient expecta-

tion of the bleſſing. For ſome days before you left *London*, my ſoul was ſtayed on a promiſe I had applied to me in prayer; *the Lord whom you ſeek ſhall ſuddenly come to his temple.* I believed he would, and that he would ſit there as a refiner's fire. The *Tueſday* after you went, I thought I could not ſleep, unleſs he fulfilled his word that night. I never knew as I did then the force of thoſe words, *Be ſtill and know that I am God.* I became nothing before him and enjoyed perfect calmneſs in my ſoul. I knew not whether he had deſtroyed my ſin: but I deſired to know, that I might praiſe him. Yet I ſoon found the return of unbelief, and groaned, being burdened. On *Wedneſday* I went to *London*, and ſought the Lord without ceaſing. I promiſed, if he would ſave me from ſin, I would praiſe him. I could part with all things, ſo I might win Chriſt. But I found all theſe pleas nothing worth, and that if he ſaved *me*, it muſt be freely for his own name's ſake. On *Thurſday*, after I had been with *S. Guilford, and B. Dixon*, I was ſo much tempted, that I thought of deſtroying myſelf or never converſing more with the people of God. And yet I had no doubt of his pardoning love; but "'twas worſe than death my God to love, and not my God alone." On *Friday* my diſtreſs was deepened. I endeavoured to pray, and could not. I went to Mrs. *D.* who prayed for me, and told me, it was the death of nature. I opened the bible on *the fearful and unbelieving—ſhall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimſtone.* I could not bear it. I opened it again on *Mark* xvi. 6, 7. *Be not affrighted: ye ſeek Jeſus of Nazareth. Go your way; tell his diſciples, he goeth before you into Galilee: there ſhall ye ſee him.* I was encouraged, and enabled to pray, believing I ſhould ſee Jeſus at home. I returned that night, and found Mrs. *G.* She prayed for me: and the predeſtinarian had no plea, but "Lord, thou art no reſpecter of perſons." He proved he was not, by bleſſing me. I was in a moment enabled to lay hold on Jeſus Chriſt, and found ſalvation by ſimple faith. He aſſured me, the Lord, the King was

in

in the midſt of me, and that I ſhould ſee evil no more. I now bleſſed him who had viſited and redeemed me, and was become my wiſdom, righteouſneſs, ſanctification and redemption. I ſaw Jeſus altogether lovely, and knew he was mine in all his offices. And glory be to him, he now reigns in my heart without a rival. I find no will but his: I feel no pride, nor any affection, but what is placed on him. I know, it is by faith I ſtand, and that watching unto prayer muſt be the guard of faith. I am happy in God this moment, and I believe for the next. I have often read the chapter you mention, and compared my heart and life with it. In ſo doing I feel my ſhort comings, and the need I have of the atoning blood. Yet I dare not ſay I do not feel a meaſure of the love there deſcribed; though I am not all I ſhall be. I deſire to be loſt in that love which paſſeth knowledge. I wiſh for no joy but what increaſes love.

London, Sept. 29, 1762.

Reverend and dear Sir,

I THANK you for another proof of your care for my ſoul, in the enquiries you make. I bleſs my Lord, his grace is ſufficient to make me anſwer without heſitation every queſtion you propoſe. I have for many months enjoyed ſuch a continuance of the preſence of my beloved, as makes me feel I am leſs than the leaſt of his mercies. The beholding of him, who is fairer than the ſons of men, the ſight of Chriſt crucified, prevents the touch of pride, and makes me hate the garment ſpotted by the fleſh. The teſtimony that I deſire is not from man, and the approbation of God never makes me high-minded. Rather I rejoice unto him with reverence. He teaches me to delight myſelf in him. And I feel, I cannot be diſpleaſed with any thing that is his choice. I know that I pleaſe him; for he teſtifies of my works, that they are wrought in him.

Indeed Jeſus is unſpeakably precious.

" Words are too mean to ſpeak his worth,
" Too mean to ſet my Saviour forth."

He daily makes to me new diſcoveries of his grace and power, and every freſh manifeſtation more effectually unites my heart to him who is altogether lovely: I love my friends in him: he gives the affection I feel, and it always leads to him. I believe when I quit the inconveniencies of mortality, I ſhall love, with greater " ſtrength and elegance," every friend to whom Jeſus has now united my ſoul. And what we now know in part, we ſhall prove in eternity, *God is love, and whoſo dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him.* My deſire for you is, that you may increaſe with all the increaſe of God, and return to us in the fulneſs of the goſpel of peace. I believe you will, and that you will be a bleſſing to me and many.

I think Mr. *Bell* is willing to take any advice you think proper to give him. I repeat what I have ſaid before; they that ſeek diſſention are not friends to the work of God. I truſt you labour for peace, and the God of peace ſhall be with you always.

I daily give up all to Jeſus, and have no ſacrifice to make which is not offered up already. He gives me ſtrength for all he calls me to bear: and I find it eaſy for the love which *believes*, to *endure all things*.

May the God whom you ſerve bleſs your labours with great ſucceſs! I wiſh you good luck in his name. The weapons of your warfare are mighty through him: you need not fight uncertainly, as one that beateth the air, but prove in every circumſtance; *This is the victory, even our faith.* Continue to ſhew your care over me, by reproving and adviſing me as you judge needful. I am ſenſible of all my obligations to you, and am,

Dear Sir,

Your obliged and affectionate ſervant.

The END.